

Good Morning

\$122

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk

By Derek Heberton

RECENT visitors to Buck House were two heroes of one of the most gallant epics of the undersea war, the men who carried out the midget submarine attack on the Tirpitz, Lieutenants B. C. G. Place, D.S.C., R.N., and D. Cameron, R.N.R.

Both these men had returned from a German prisoner-of-war camp where they had been

captivity and went to the Palace for their awards, they were two of the five V.C.s decorated that day. The crowds who waited to see them seemed to scare them more than the Tirpitz attack, and they only paused outside the Palace to take a breath before departing for the Savoy and comparative peace.



Lieut. Cameron, V.C.

held since they were captured while pressing home the attack and both received from the King the supreme award for valour, the Victoria Cross.

Said the citation: "The courage, endurance and utter contempt for danger in the immediate face of the enemy shown by Lieutenants Cameron and Place during this determined and successful attack were supreme."

Place and Cameron, commanding respectively submarines X6 and X7, penetrated the enemy minefield and made a passage up the long, vigilantly patrolled fford, past listening posts, nets and gun defences; but the story of how they eluded these hazards has yet to be told. They reached the Fleet anchorage, and passed within the close anti-submarine and torpedo nets only 200 yards away from the Tirpitz; then, from a position inside they carried out a cool and determined attack.

At least one of the submarines was sighted, and so close was she to the Tirpitz that those on the decks of the battleship opened fire on her with small arms.

The submarine disappeared, and shortly after there was an enormous explosion that lifted the huge bulk of the Tirpitz several feet. When the convulsion subsided the Tirpitz was no longer a fighting unit.

On board the battleship there was intense activity, alarm bells ringing and orders being shouted; guns were fired and depth-charges dropped. The submarines were still within the nets and could not escape.

Lieutenants Cameron and Place scuttled their craft to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy, and then, with the majority of their men, they were taken prisoners themselves.

When they came back from

R.N.V.R. officers will probably be no strangers to their own club, the King Alfred Club, Pall Mall.

The club was opened in September, 1944, the opening having been postponed for seven months when the proposed premises were bombed. The object of the club is to provide a residential club in a convenient central situation in London, to furnish accommodation, meals, amenities, and a common meeting ground for R.N.V.R. officers living in or passing through London.

Membership fees consist of an annual subscription of £1 1s. for Midshipmen and Sub-Lieutenants and £2 2s. for officers of the rank of Lieutenant and above.

This enables members to stay in the club at the cost of 5/6 for bed and breakfast, and to enjoy the very matey bars at their disposal. Male guests can be entertained at any time,



Lieut. Place, V.C.

and ladies between 4 and 11 p.m.

Oh, and I should just mention that "Good Morning" is supplied daily.

IT'S not every day that people walk into this office with invitations for lunch, so you can understand that I was pleased to meet Telegraphist Ernie O' Sullivan, of Unswerving.

Thanks for the invitation Ernie, next time I am around Pinner way I will most certainly call in at Rayners Hotel and see your father, and perhaps, if I am lucky, I may be able to renew acquaintances with you.

Thanks also for your kind remarks about the paper, I certainly was glad to hear it went down well on the Unswerving.

CORNWALL



The houses of Polperro at one time belonged to smugglers, and many have secret cupboards and entrances and subterranean passages leading away down to the sea.

THE Cornishman has a county that is a thing apart, and he himself knows that he is of a race to whom all people beyond the Tamar are foreigners, writes D. N. K. BAGNALL, in this County Tour. It is also the only county in England that has the sea on three sides, and the men of Cornwall are men of the sea.

THERE is an elusive magic in the name "Cornwall"—something that arouses a sense of adventure; as though the word had released a sleeping beauty.

When you hear it your thoughts flit to little fishing villages clinging to the sides of rugged cliffs; to narrow, high-banked, twisting lanes that seem almost to tunnel through the countryside rather than run over it; to stone walls enclosing stone strewn fields; to Cornish Pasties; Cornish Cream; to austere highlands and lonely moors; to the cry of the sea-gulls; to salt water running miles into a wooded countryside; to quaint inns; to tortured streets.

Yet all these things do not wholly account for the enchantment the name brings.

A sense of mystery still lurks in the mind. And when you cross the Tamar from Devonshire and start your way into that individual county, you feel you are among unknown things.

Cornwall contains so much that is foreign to the rest of the sunny South. The very names are strange—Gweek—Plym—Sancred—Uny Lelant—St. Nectan's Kieve—Quethiock—St. Sampson-in-Golant—Egloshayle—Germoe—Poldhu.

One might imagine oneself in France—and perhaps in that thought lies explanation. For Cornwall and its people are nearer to the Bretons than they are to the English and Welsh. They share with the people of Brittany a fondness for saints no one else has ever heard of; and both peoples are fishers of the sea.

SEA BOUNDARY.

Its sea-coast is the glory of Cornwall. Those villages and hamlets that hug the cliffs or nestle in the coves all around the coast contain the soul of the county, as do, for instance, the moors that of Yorkshire, or the South Downs that of Sussex. For Cornwall is the only county in England that has but one inland boundary; it has the sea on three sides.

Many of the stone-built villages have become more

holiday resorts than the homes of fishermen, and such townships as Looe, or Mevagissey, or that incredibly picturesque place, Polperro, where visitors watch the gulls fighting over scraps of food as the tide leaves the estuary—a daily entertainment they almost imagine to have been put on for their benefit—are no longer Cornish; they are cosmopolitan.

Perhaps it is just as well for Cornwall that the holiday-makers flock to its coasts, for the fishing industry fell on evil days, and without the annual crowds most of these charming places would be ruined.

Pilchards brought the Cornish fishermen prosperity, but the pilchards have left the shores and, in any case, pilchards lost their popularity.

And that other traditional industry which kept many a Cornishman well-fed and well-clothed—smuggling—failed in the last century.

In Cornwall it was not merely a side-line. It was a well-organised and lucrative business. It was dangerous, too. Most Cornish families can tell of forefathers killed as a result of clashes between armed sloops and cutters "Making the Run," and the preventive vessels, their constant foe.

London office girls sit scantily-clad on the little beaches where fierce battles raged over a precious cargo of wine, or silk or tobacco; or conduct holiday flirtations in crannies once busy with convoys of men and ponies starting on a perilous trek to secret places inland.

Mousehole and Mullion are the targets of trippers, with only thin ghosts of smugglers' haunts.

Whether in smuggling, fishing or voyaging, the sea has always been the chief friend and foe of the Cornishman. How could they be anything but fine sailors? As long ago as the thirteenth century they bowed to none as men of the sea.

When seamen of the Cinque Ports, who claimed sovereignty of the Channel and demanded other ships to lower their topsails when they passed them, insisted on Cornish sailors doing the same, the men of

Fowey challenged them to battle.

The tiny fleets met in the Channel, and, after a bloody fight, the Kentish men scuttled off to their own places.

At that time Fowey was an important port. It retains some of its prestige, but Falmouth has, in the last two centuries, taken the lead as the Cornishmen's chief port.

It's magnificent natural harbour which, together with inlets, can shelter a hundred ships—one of the largest harbours in England—is known to most sailors. Unfortunately many seamen have come to it as survivors of shipwrecks, for at its entry is one of the worst of the many danger points along the coastline of Cornwall. A place in the Falmouth life-boat is no soft job.

Cornishmen long bore the evil name of "Wreckers."

Stories were told of false lights shown along the coastline at nights to lure merchantmen to destruction so that their cargoes might be pillaged. But such cases were very few.

The treacherous coast provided the shore people with plenty of salvaged cargoes without their intervention—though they often had to fight hard with the tin-miners from inland, who came swarming down to the beaches at the first hint of a shipwreck.

LAND PATCHES.

Inland, there are many attractive and unusual features—jagged heights; lonely stretches of moorland; that bald-headed giant, Brown Willy, overlooking the whole countryside; luxuriantly foliated valleys with silver streams; patchworks of stone-walled fields on the level land and climbing the sides of the hills; and villages where low stone cottages cluster round a church, as if to seek protection from the wrath of the ancient gods who ruled Cornwall for so long, and who are still suspected, by Cornishmen, to be but biding their time.

But it is along the sea coast that you find your typical Cornishman—weather-beaten, leather-tanned, dark-haired, lean-faced, wiry and secretive.

He and his forefathers have faced the perils of the sea undismayed. He had no fear of it; it is known. But in his heart he carries a fear of less tangible things.

Is there anywhere else in the country where pixies are still believed in, where so many dark and sinister things go on (it is said) between sunset and cock's crow?

Every village has its legends of mysterious happenings.

The Cornishman feels he has need of all those saints whose names are sprinkled over his countryside to ward off the secret evils of a mystic land.

You do not realise how much of Cornwall's coastline is unfrequented until you view it from the sea. From Falmouth to the Lizard—over twenty miles of coastline—there are but five small villages by the sea, hardly seen by summer visitors. From the Lizard to Penzance—a somewhat longer stretch there are only about the same number—though Mullion Cove, Porthleven and Marazion are popular holiday resorts.

CLIFFS.

And along the Atlantic coast the grim barrenness of the sea-border is even more apparent—until you come to the more northern parts. All you will see most of the way are deep clefts with, perhaps, only one or a few cottages perched precariously on steep cliffs, or seeking refuge at the mouths of rivers whose estuaries go deep into the land.

But in their isolated grandeur these stretches help to form the wild, rough beauty that is Cornwall. What sailor coming past Gurnard's Head to Land's End does not recognise these sea-hacked cliffs standing strongly out into the waves and pitted with secret hiding places and secluded coves, as seaman's country?

The Cornishman has a country that is a thing apart, and he, himself, knows that he is of a race to whom all people beyond the Tamar are foreigners. To them he will never reveal the mysteries that he shares with his own people.

The soul of Cornwall is the sea coast; but no one knows the soul of the Cornishman.

How Tom Woo'd Jane

ON the whole I begin to entertain a certain degree of contempt for the destiny which has so long persecuted me. I will be a man in spite of it. Yet it lies with you whether I shall be a right man or only a hard and bitter stoic. What say you? Decide for yourself and me. Consent if you dare trust me and let us live and die together. Yet fear not to deny me if your judgment so determines.

It will be a sharp pang that tears away from me for ever the hope which now for years has been the solace of my existence: but better to endure it and all its consequences than to witness and to cause the forfeit of your happiness.

At times I confess when I hear you speak of your gay consins and contrast with their brilliant equipments my own simple exterior and scanty prospects and humble but to me most dear and honorably-minded kinsmen, whom I were the veriest dog if I ceased to love and venerate and cherish for their true affection and for the rugged sterling worth of their character—when I think of all this I could almost counsel you to cast me utterly away and to connect yourself with one whose friends and station are more analogous to your own.

But anon in some moment of self love, I say proudly there is a spirit in me which is worthy of this maiden and which shall be worthy of her. I will teach her, I will guide her, I will make her happy. Together we will share the joys and sorrows of existence.

Speak then. . . Think well of me, of yourself, of our circumstances and determine. Dare you trust your fate with mine, as I trust mine with you? Judge if I wait your answer with impatience. I know you will not keep me waiting. . . May God bless you and direct you! Decide how you will.

Thomas Carlyle (1825).

Jane Welsh replied four days later.

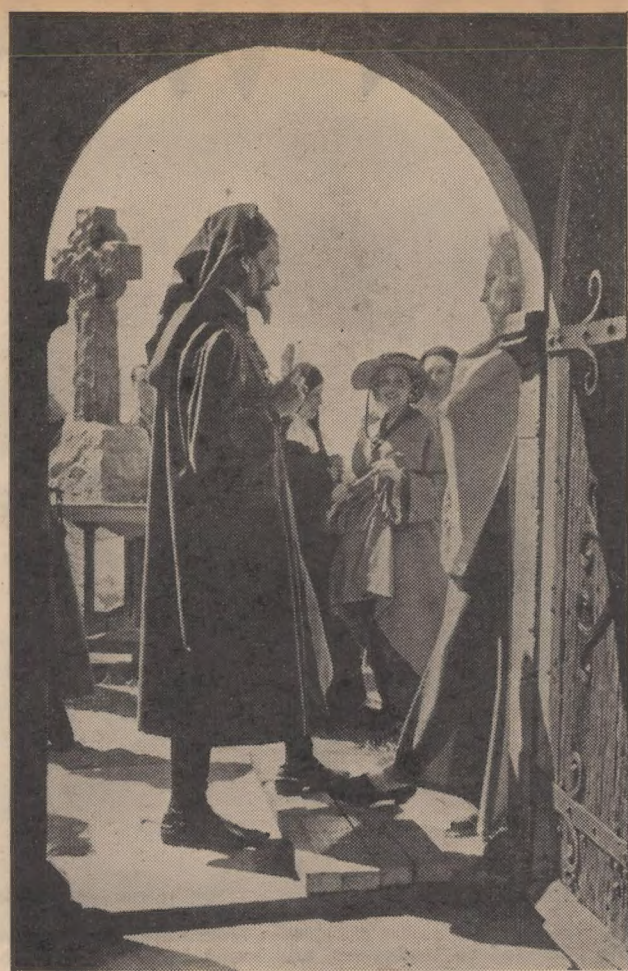
I LOVE you and I should be the most ungrateful and injudicious of mortals if I did not. But I am not in love with you: that is to say, my love for you is not a passion which overclouds my judgment and absorbs all my regard for myself and others. It is a simple, honest, serene affection, made up of admiration and sympathy and better perhaps to found affection on than any other.

In short it is a love which influences, does not make, the destiny of a life. . .

And now let me ask you, have you any certain livelihood to maintain me in the manner I have been used to live in? any fixed place in the rank of society I have been born and bred in? No. You have projects for attaining both, capabilities for attaining both, and much more, but as yet you have not attained them. Use the noble gifts which God has given you! You have prudence—though, by the way, this last proceeding is no great proof of it. Devise then how you may gain yourself a moderate but settled income. Think of some more promising plan than farming the most barren spot in the county of Dumfriesshire! What a thing that would be to be sure! You and I keeping house at Craigenputtock! I would as soon think of building myself a nest on the Bass Rock. . . For my part I could not spend a month at it with an angel.

Think of something else then. Apply your industry to carry it into effect: your talents to gild over the inequality of our births—and then we will talk of marrying. If all this was realised, I think I should have good sense enough to abate something of my romantic ideal and to content myself with stopping short of this side idolatry. At all events I will marry no one else. This is all the promise I can or will make. . .

Write instantly and tell me you



At the entrance to St. Martha's Church the pilgrims rest on their long trek—a scene from the film, "A Canterbury Tale."

A HOLY PLACE

"On the Pilgrim's Way"

BETWEEN Guildford and skirting the wood, as a sandy Dorking, the Way goes lane, leads to the foot of the through ever-changing scen- hill on which stands St. Mar- ery; now insisting that we the- chapel, one of the holy climb, panting, up the hillside; places on the pilgrim's map, then leading us down into the valley to the villages: but all pleasant walking, with some delightful views, several inter- esting inns, and a Silent Pool.

It is called the Silent Pool because at one time it was. It is a little off the pilgrims' path where it runs through woodland and parkland between Allbury and Shere. No doubt it was an eerie, mysterious spot—a lake surrounded and overhung with sweeping trees, frequented only by wild fowl. But that was long ago. Now, you are fortunate if you do not find it populated by people picnicking or feeding the trout with pieces of sandwiches.

SEPTEMBER MORN. There is (of course) a story about the place. Bad King John, it is said, wandered here one day and surprised the miller's daughter bathing (without costume).

Whatever his intentions may have been, the miller's daughter thought the worst, and, preferring death to dishonour, gave a shrill shriek and allowed herself to sink into the water to drown.

But this is taking a jump forward. Our start is from Guildford, and we have to visit St. Martha's Chapel and The Chantry before reaching the Allbury district.

From the ferry at Guildford the Way goes in an almost straight line to The Chantry—a lovely belt of woodland covering some 350 acres. It is a beauty spot to explore at some other time, for we must stay on the Way, and this,

are content to leave the event to time and destiny, and in the mean- while to continue my friend and guardian, which you have so long faithfully been, and nothing more.

Jane Welsh.

Many years later: I MARRIED for ambition. Car- lyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him—and I am miserable.

Jane Carlyle.

To the north lie the North Downs, green and enticing. To the south a great vista of entrancing country-side. The scent of the pines round about come to us, mixed with the fragrance of the wild flowers, as we look across the blueness of the Weald to the smoky-blue Sussex Downs.

A sandy track, involving at times a scramble, takes us down the steep slope to Weston Wood, where we gain a metalled road.

By-passing Allbury, but cutting across Allbury Park, where, they say, there is a famous yew hedge, a quarter of a mile long and twelve feet high (I do not know whether they lie or not: I have never seen it), we cross the Tillingbourne stream and come to that loveliest of all Surrey villages—Shere.

Perhaps it is a little too lovely.

It is usually full of artists and people like that on any fine day in summer-time. But if you can overlook the easels, and a motor-coach or two, you will surely find beauty there.

Old houses cluster round a village green. On one side with the stream flowing by it, is the White Horse inn, a most desirable place to come across after that trek up hill and down dale. Beneath its ancient timbers and in its panelled room we will enjoy a cool drink and think of the past.

Whether you want to or not.

Don't Wave that Flag, Jack!

IT may be somewhat startling for submariners, both at home and abroad, to be told that when their families hung out Union Jacks on VE-Day they were liable to prosecution!

The considered opinion of the College of Heralds has been given that the Union Jack is not anybody's or everybody's flag. It is the King's own.

So now the College is busy designing a new flag that citizens and others can wave on any future occasion. But all this requires time.

There is only one man in all England who knows when and how to fly all the Royal flags. He is an ex-sergeant of a Guards regiment, and is employed at Buckingham Palace as King's Flagman. The job has been in existence for centuries. And it has its anxieties.

You will notice that when the King is in residence at the Palace—or any other Royal residence—it is not the Union Jack that is flown at the flag-staff. The flag hoisted is the Royal Standard, the King's personal flag, and it is supposed to fly straight and not wrap itself round the staff.

Sometimes on windy days it does everything but fly straight, and then it is the flagman's job to climb up and make it as it should be.

The flagman often spends hours on the roof of the Palace keeping the flag in order.

It measures twelve feet by six feet, but when a very

strong wind is blowing a smaller one is provided, specially made to stand the flapping.

This special one is nine feet by four and a half feet. Yet at times storms tear it to ribbons and a new one has to be hoisted.

It is the Admiralty that provides these flags. They come from the Flag and Signals Department, which most submariners know, and the annual provision runs usually to about 15 new flags, which shows what a lot of wear and tear goes on.

On one occasion when the wind was very strong the flag clung to the pole and would not blow out. It remained like that for nearly an hour, during which time the flagman was sought, and orders were given to find him—for he could not be found.

There was quite a bother about it, and at last the flagman was discovered—jammed in the lift which had stuck when he was on the way to the roof.

There are 40 different standards in the flagman's charge.

They are kept in an attic under the base of the flagstaff. What height would you think that flagstaff is? Don't guess. It is 75 feet tall, and on its top is a gold crown.

The Queen also has personal flags, but her flag flies only when she is at the Palace without the King.

Her ceremonial-size standard has never yet been open to the breeze, for the King has always been with her when her birthday comes round.

When the King and Queen went on their American tour some years ago they had a special footman with them to attend to the flags required. This footman had been coached by the flagman for months.

When you come on leave to London you may have noticed that various flags fly over Westminster Abbey at times.

The Royal Standard is flown when the King attends the Abbey, as at his Coronation.

As soon as he leaves the Abbey the Standard is lowered and the Abbey flag is hoisted.

There are four Abbey flags, all with different uses.

The real Abbey flag is flown on the birthdays of the Royal Family. It has a single Tudor rose worked into a background of gold at the four corners. In the lower half is a golden cross "flore" and five doves on a blue shield.

The Abbey also flies St. Peter's Flag—a red flag with two crossed keys and a ring of gold. This is flown on All Saints' Days.

But the Abbey may be one exception as regards the Union Jack. It can fly the Jack, but only on one day of the year. That is Union Day.

She was Grandmother at 27

THEY say we are living fast to-day. The phrase "the lifetime of a generation" is often in the mouths of politicians and others. What is the lifetime of a generation?

Most people would say it was 30 years. But what can be said of a girl who was, by the time she reached her 27th year, a grandmother? It is an authentic case too.

CHILD LADY.

Dr. Plot, one-time keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, has laid it on record that there was a girl, a native of Salop, who in her twelfth year became Lady Child. It seems an appropriate name.

This Lady Child became a mother at thirteen, and her daughter followed her example of marrying very early and was in turn a mother, making Lady Child a grandmother at the age of 27.

Horace Walpole, in a letter dated 1785, records that he saw seven generations of the Waldegrave family, all alive at the same time.

The word "beldam" is commonly used to denote an old woman with a shrewish tongue. Originally it meant

one who could see her descendant in the sixth degree!

On the other hand, long lives may span an almost unbelievably long period. In January, 1921, there died Louisa Lady Forbes, widow of the premier Baron of Scotland. They were married in 1864.

Her husband, born 29th May, 1789, actually fought at the battle of Waterloo, and commanded a company of the Coldstream Guards at Hougoumont in 1815.

In the quadrangle of Edinburgh University there stands a statue of Sir David Brewster, bart., a former Principal of the University. He was the well-known scientist and inventor of the kaleidoscope.

He died in 1868, aged 87. He had married his second wife, Miss Purnell, of Scarborough, in March, 1857. She did not die until 1921.

Thus nearly 140 years separated the birth of one spouse from the death of the other.

At the age of 63, Sir John Acton, sixth baronet, married, in 1799, by special dispensation of the Pope, his near kinswoman, Mary Anne.

you will have to come with me to the church. The Way leads to the gate of the churchyard: and, indeed, the church itself is interesting, and for people like you and me, who don't carry guide-books around with us, there is a list of things to be seen hanging in the doorway.

Reluctant to leave Shere, we have the prospect of reaching another charming place—Gomshall, only a short distance ahead.

The Way gets lost a bit, but so long as we make for Hackhurst Downs (yes, more climbing, chum), we shan't go far wrong. Up towards the top we come across that chalk track that will be our guide and companion for many miles of the Way through Surrey and Kent.

Here it lies, a clearly marked ridge bounded by ancient trees, the picturesque cottages and their pleasant gardens: for it is a stiff walk to Dorking, and not a pub. shall we pass.

But we shall enjoy a quencher all the more at the White Horse Inn at Dorking. The scenery is magnificent on this part of the way, and you enjoy it the more because of the easy going. There is a

carpet of springy turf beneath our feet as we walk on the fringe of the chalk.

Enjoy it while you can, for we have soon to leave the hills for the valley once more.

It is an easy path downwards, though at one point, if we are faithful to the pilgrims' road, we must plunge through at least one piece of thick undergrowth on the White Downs where the path goes through a wood.

EVENING QUENCHER.

This brings us to a modern road, with the smell of petrol instead of wild flowers, but we must endure it for a short while. Near an old house called Denbies the pilgrims' track diverges—indeed, it almost disappears. It develops into one of those sections where only by noticing a few solitary yew trees standing in meadows or cornland can the line be traced.

For the moment we will leave it, to drop in the evening into Dorking, as without doubt the pilgrims did: and in that old market town, with its wide main street and raised footpath, arrange that promised drink under the gabled roof of that long, low inn that is so old that it never seems to age further.

He died in 1811, but his widow survived him 62 years and died in May, 1873—one hundred and thirty-seven years after her husband was born.

The late Rev. James Russell, in a book of reminiscences of Yarrow, tells of a case of an Edinburgh lady, Miss Gray, who was then in her 107th year.

She was born in 1748, lived till 1856, ninety-nine years after her father died.

There is a marble slab in Dolphin churchyard which records that the eldest son of the same man died in infancy.

Thus 120 years elapsed between the deaths of the two children of the same father.

An instance in a probate action came before a court in June, 1921, in which it was stated that one of the witnesses, on being asked whether he had any brothers or sisters, replied, "My only half-brother died one hundred and fifty years ago."

OLD BRIDEGROOM.

The court would not believe him, but it was true as his lawyer proved by documentary evidence.

The witness was an old man aged ninety-six. His father had married at the age of 19, and by his wife had a son, who died very young. The witness was the son of the second wife, who had married his father when the latter was well over seventy.

There is also the historic case of Charles James Fox, the statesman (1749-1806) who had two aunts. One of the aunts, his father's half-sister, died in 1653.

The other, Lady Sarah Napier, his mother's youngest sister, born later, did not die until one hundred and seventy-five years later.

All of which shows you that the "life of a generation" may be longer, or shorter, than is commonly supposed. So what about it?

ALEX CRACKS

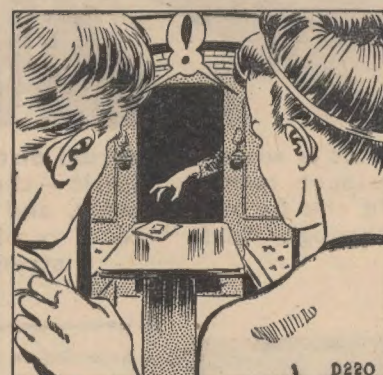
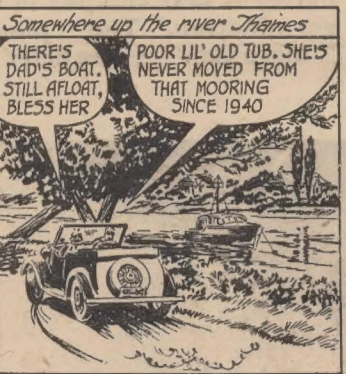
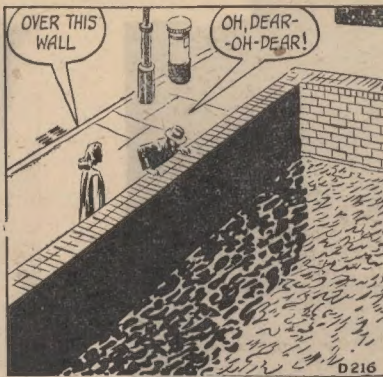
An amazed young wife walked downstairs one morning to find her husband poking a broom into her baby's face.

"Great heavens, John, and why are you putting that broom in Junior's face?"

"I just wanted to get him used to kissing his grandfather."

We have three bedrooms—one for my wife, one for her Sealyham, one for visitors—and I sleep downstairs.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE United States Senate granted Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the late President, the free postal franking privilege which is a life-long concession made to the widows of Presidents by an Act of Congress, and this was followed by House action and approved by President Truman.

This custom started in 1800 with Martha Washington. These franks are rare, as are those of the widow of Abraham Lincoln. Mrs. Garfield's frank, granted in 1881, is one of the commonest, as she used it up till the time of her death in 1918.

Here is the full list: Martha Washington, 1800-1802; Dolly Madison, 1836-49; Anna Harrison, 1841-64; Louise C. Adams, 1848-52; Sarah Polk, 1850-91; Margaret S. Taylor, 1850-52; Mary Lincoln, 1866-82; Lucretia R. Garfield, 1881-1918; Julia D. Grant, 1886-1902; Ida S. McKinley, 1902-07; Frances E. Cleveland, 1909-; Mary Lord Harrison, 1909-; Edith Carow Roosevelt, 1919-; Florence Harding, 1924 (ten months); Edith Bolling Wilson, 1924-; Helen H. Taft, 1930-; Grace Coolidge; Eleanor Roosevelt, 1945-.

READERS who collect United States stamps will be interested in an American forecast of fifty-one "possible" new stamps during the next few years.

An addition to the current Presidential series showing Roosevelt's portrait is an obvious guess. Among Service stamps are the Army (Remagen bridge over the Rhine); the Navy (Centenary of Annapolis Academy); the Marine Corps (Raising the Flag on Iwojima); the Coast Guards (sea rescue); the Mercantile Marine (Atlantic convoy); and Women in the Forces, the Red Cross.



Other guesses are stamps for VE-Day, VP-Day, and the final peace; statehood Centenary stamps for Iowa, Texas and Wisconsin; commemoratives for the birthdays of John Jay, Alexander Graham Bell, Thomas A. Edison and John Paul Jones; a stamp to recall the first national radio news broadcast in 1920, and one for the Centenary in 1947 of the first issue of Government stamps. Postage dues, special delivery, and air mail stamps are also likely to have new designs.

Who would like to forecast how many new stamps will be issued by Great Britain in the next ten years? I think not.

ACCORDING to the Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly, the Editor of the American Scott's Catalogue has arrived at the conclusion that the average collector is eighteen years of age and possesses a general collection of 3,000 stamps. He does not like anything technical, and prefers a "simple" catalogue.

Most of us have a hazy idea as to the way stamp collecting commenced over here (continues the writer in the Fortnightly), few know anything of the American story. I confess I did not till I read the reminiscences of William P. Brown, published in 1892. He was one of America's first dealers, and recollected how in 1858 a few collectors were scattered over the country, notably a Mr. Preble, of Portland, Maine, who had even written to Australia for stamps.

The Parisian craze of 1859 spread to the U.S., where knots of men and boys hung about the lobbies of the New York Post Office for the purpose of exchanging stamps, for as yet no cash value had been even considered.

The first dealer, John Bailey, soon appeared. He sold coins and candy, and now produced a board upon which hundreds of stamps had been fastened with tacks!

William Brown at this time kept a coin stand on the Park railing, and he, too, tacked stamps to a board. His first stock consisted of 100 purchased at one cent apiece; he charged a uniform 3 c., and was soon told that some of the prices were a long way out. Why, the pence Ceylons were worth every bit of 10 cents! Up went the price. Then a boy showed him a 25c. piece. "I got that," quoth he, "for the blue Canada I bought off you for three cents!"

Fifty years ago! Still, there are collectors now who will be looking back to to-day's prices in half a century's time with feelings of regret for lost opportunities, we may be sure.

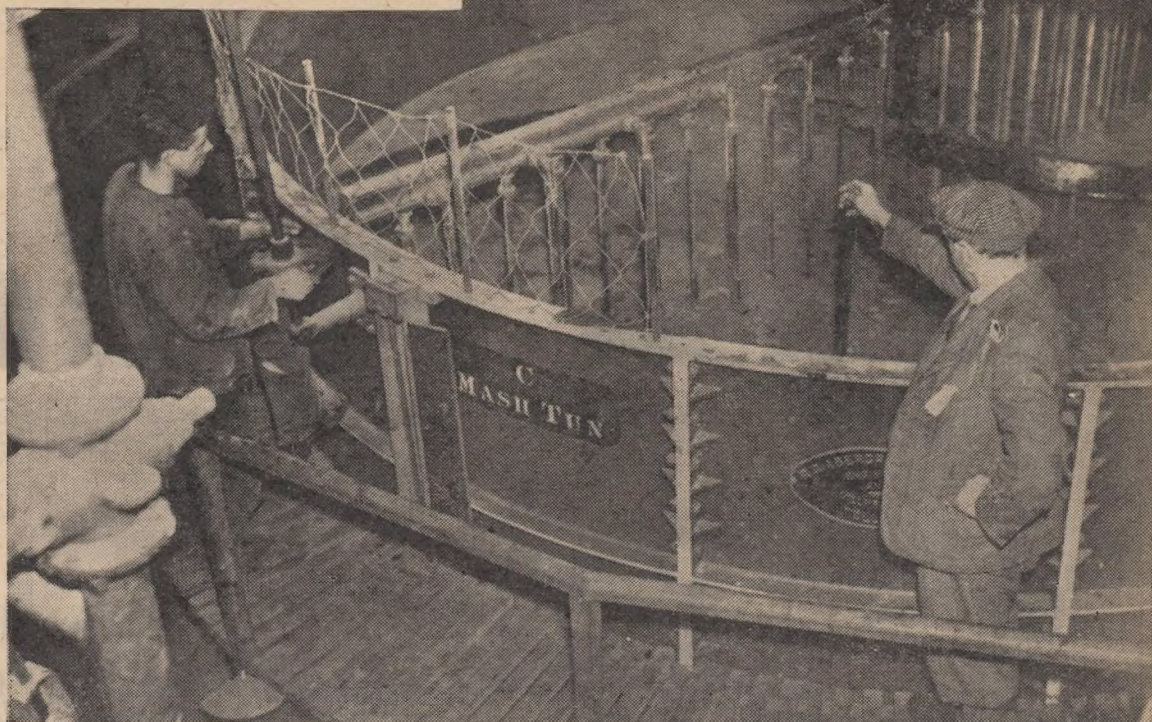
THE Chile stamp illustrated here shows the Battle of Rancagua, in which the country's hero, Bernardo O'Higgins, took a leading part. O'Higgins died in 1842.

**Good
Morning**

SCOTCH



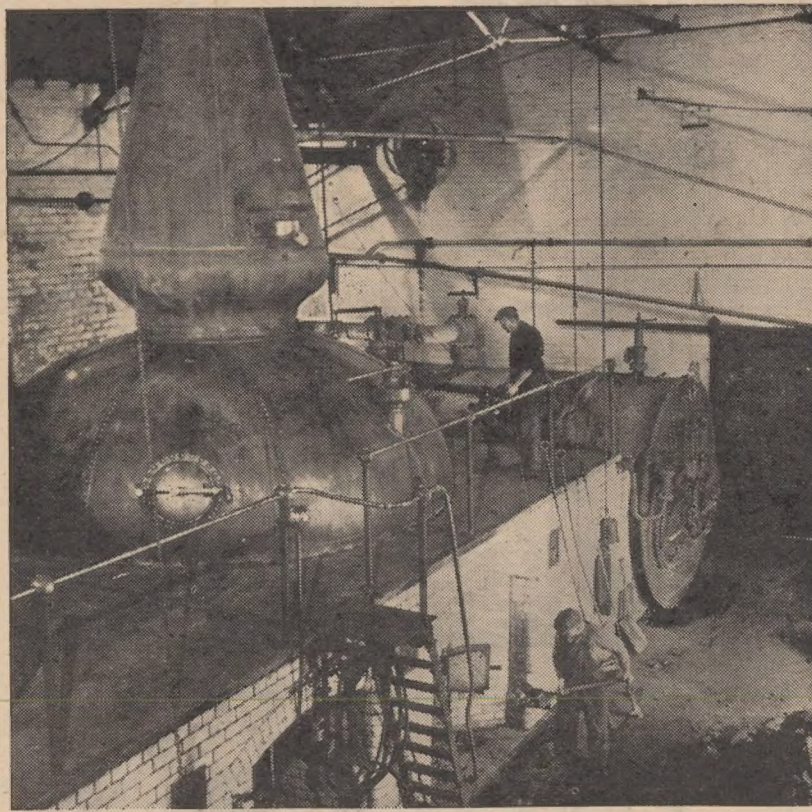
Ever eager to discuss cheerful topics, "Good Morning" to-day discusses Scotch whisky. Not where you can get it—because we don't know. Not when it will be cheaper—because we don't know. But how it is made—because we've just learned.



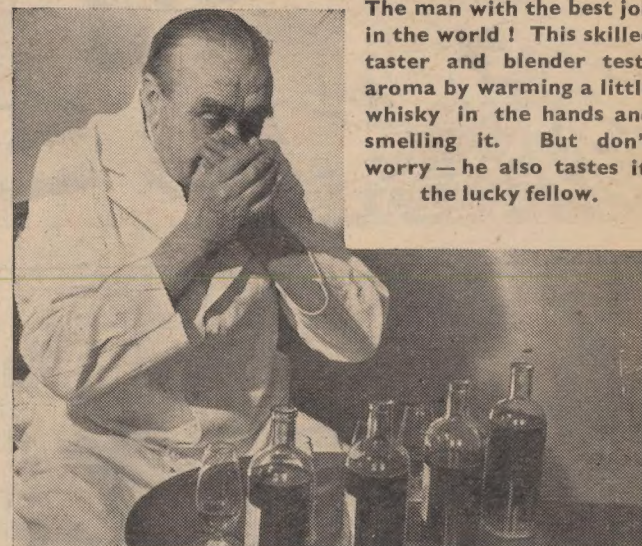
The picture on the left shows a happy man happily "ploughing" barley. The barley is first steeped in water, and then spread on the malting floor to promote germination. The "ploughing" aerates the barley. The picture above is of a "mash tun." The dried and crushed malt is mixed with hot water and the soluble matter taken out.



This is where it first begins to get interesting. The man you see here is cleaning the "wash-back," in which contents of mash tun are converted into alcohol by action of the yeast—making crude whisky.



This is where the actual distilling is carried out in great copper retorts. Spirit—the precious stuff—comes off in the form of vapour, and is then condensed and run through "safe" to a receiver, after first testing for strength.



The man with the best job in the world! This skilled taster and blender tests aroma by warming a little whisky in the hands and smelling it. But don't worry—he also tastes it, the lucky fellow.



Selected whiskies, which are to form a blend, are poured into casks for the process known as "marrying," and remain in the wood for some seven years before bottling.

Bottling machine brings round its cargo of bottles for automatic filling, under the watchful eyes of woman operative. Machine fills each to same level. The next process—emptying the bottles—is too well-known to picture here!

